

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST



TAMMANY HURRYING TO PUT A HEAD ON KELLY'S CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.
(And Puck weeps over his own broken and defeated Candidate.)

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50
 One Copy for thirteen weeks.....1.25

POSTAGE FREE.

ILLUSTRATED BY.....JOS. KEPPLER.
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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TAMMANY PUTS A HEAD ON THE MAYOR.

(From the Sun.)

Is it Democratic to have a king—either with or without a clown?

Is it Democratic to have a party ruler, possessing more despotic power than a king, although he does not bear a royal title?

Here is the head of Tammany—a man to whom we take no personal exceptions—possessing almost absolute authority in political affairs in this city. He is, with peculiar propriety, called the Comptroller—not because of the office he fills, but because he controls everything. He can make or break the fortunes of any man in his party, and, the party being in a large majority, he becomes virtually the king of the city. Holding one lucrative office, he dictates who shall hold every other office. He even assumes to rule the Governor of the State, and to render the chief Executive Magistrate a mere puppet in his hands.

Is this Democratic?

We think not.

It seems to us that the opposition to such a reign—by whatsoever name it may be called—is more Democratic.

There was, once upon a time, a man who nailed the Lord's Prayer up over the head of his bed; and when he retired to his virtuous couch, pointed his forefinger at the placard and said, "Them's my sentiments, O Lord!" and then slept the sleep of the truly good.

PUCK quotes the words of that devout Christian in reference to the remarks which our est. contem., the *Sun*, has made regarding King Kelly. Mr. Schell was recently quite badly floored in the home of his friends by John Morrissey. He will probably be as badly floored in November by the People of New York. If not, the head that Tammany is putting on him will take the place of the venerable one he is now wearing. Meantime, PUCK's candidate lies broken, bruised—and PUCK weeps at his utter, utter defeat.

If this nineteenth century wants to make any sort of a showing for a godly, righteous and sober reputation on History's page, it has got to hang right sharp on to the records of the Vanderbilt will case.

LIGHT THROWN ON A DARK SUBJECT.

WILL Mr. Edison please to stop? He has upset all recognized ideas concerning the capabilities and the possibilities of the human voice. He has analyzed Sound until it will soon, probably, be packed in boxes like Soap, wholesaled and retailed, and used or destroyed according to the fancy of the purchaser. And last, but by no means least, he is now, like a latter-day Jove, about to hurl down his thunderbolts of electricity to light our cities; to cook for us, and warm our homes; and to drive all our machinery, if requested.

Has he no regard for the gas companies? Does he not know that the subtle arithmetician who goes into our cellar with a lantern on his arm, a note-book in his hand, and a lead-pencil in his mouth, to put down fabulous cubic feet for our monthly gas-bills, must earn his honest living?

Has he no heart to feel for the stockholders of the great gas-monopolies? They charge what they please, they give what they choose; they give us gas that flickers out and in until our eyes ache and the opticians and oculists grow rich; but they live in brown-stone houses, and their coachmen wear the Britishest of liveries, and their wives and daughters revel in fine laces with the royalet purple.

Now, would Mr. Edison stop all this? Let him remember that the American people are nothing if not humbugged. If they had clean streets, well paved; if their thoroughfares were well and cheaply lighted, they would have little to growl at.

And what would be an American public who couldn't growl?

As to the daily papers, we shudder at the thought of the kleptomaniac idea of Edison in stealing from them some of their most valued topics of contemporaneous human interest. The articles on the "Swindling Gas Monopolies"—where, oh, where would they be?

And where would the correspondents find room for those excited letters published in "Our Complaint Book," and in the "Voice of the People," as for instance:

"Mr. Editor: I have been out of town all summer—and my house has been closed. Yet on my return home I find my gas-bill is larger than it was for a corresponding number of months last winter when I was burning," &c., &c., &c.

The question is, "Shall or shall not the gas-monopolists have the right to swindle and victimize the community?" By all custom and precedent they have the right; they have done so ever since the introduction of gas; they have no opposition, and we cannot go around and buy our gas as we buy our peck of potatoes; they are rich, waxing fat and kicking with delight, when—lo! Edison.

In behalf of shoddy luxury and laziness; in the interest of everything that grinds the pockets of the poor into a golden dust for the rich, we protest against any more useful discoveries on the part of Mr. Edison.

MORE POSITIVE FACTS.

The *Sun* says that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, blows his nose with his fingers in the public streets. If Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune* blows his nose with his fingers in the public streets, where's the nose that Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune* blows with his fingers in the public streets?

The *Sun* says that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, blows his nose with his fingers in the public streets. Where does Mr. Charles A. Dana of the *Sun* blow his nose with his fingers?

The *Sun* says that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, blows his nose with his fingers in the

public streets. Respectfully referred to the Street Cleaning Bureau.

The *Sun* says that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, blows his nose with his fingers in the public streets. What public streets are specially favored?

The *Sun* says that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, blows his nose with his fingers in the public streets. With whose fingers should he blow his nose in the public streets?

Puckerings.

OH, sigh for no cipher, but Oh! sigh for me.
—S. J. Tilden.

MACMAHON plays his game better—better than Gambetta does MacMahon.

THE Rev. Dr. Tyng Jr.'s usher has been going for beer, and so has the American Temperance Union.

AUSTRALIA has been afflicted with a horse disease of a novel type.—*Ex.* Pearl in the eye, perhaps.

THEY have quite a savings bank system in France, and they are trying hard to naturalize the verb "buster, bustant, busté."

"Is it Democratic to have a king?" our solar contemporary asks. It is decidedly democratic to have aching—heads the morning after a sixth ward primary.

THESE are the days when the faded lily lies on The breast of the lake like the ghost of a star of night;

When glimmers afar on the autumn-pale horizon

The Buckwheat-Cake in a halo of lurid light.

To be "tickled to death" is usually classed among the most pleasurable of emotions; but before setting this down in your note-book, you had better get the opinion of the man whose washwoman has been extravagant with the starch and has extended the bosom of his shirt several inches beyond its normal dimensions.

Marriage a la mode du Soleil.

AT Oshkosh-Kalamazoo-Skowhegan, Mr. Black Swallowtail coat to Miss White corded glacé silk *en train*, trimmed with cauliflowers, cut bias. The groom wore a pimply face, surmounted with a shock of red hair. The bride was stylishly attired with blue eyes and blond trimmings. Her shoes were gracefully ornamented with bunions, which contrasted admirably a fashionable wart on the off side of her rich nasal implement.

"GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK."



View of the only original article, with spiritualistic vision of the Old Man.

[N. B.—It did not stop when the Old Man died.]

THE RIVAL SHOWMEN IN BROOKLYN.

IT is very pleasant for PUCK to know that his recent cartoons and remarks regarding the sensation preaching which seems to have its home and habitation in his neighboring town of Brooklyn, meet general approval from his friends—and very kind commendation from the press.

For the true heart of this people beats not muffled, but reveillé drums, for the attack on shoddy.

And it seems to us that, of all the shoddy which was the outgrowth of the war-contracts, that which foisted a variety show upon the platform of a *hall* (substituting these for the pulpit and the church) are the shoddiest.

Don't you remember those followers of a circus who are technically called "side-show blowers"? How they howl, "Ere's the ananconda as swallowed his mother-in-law, with a wision of the mother-in-law sailin' in bloo-fire to the 'Sweet By'm-Bye'! No connection with the fraud over the way! Daniel in the lion's den! No wax Daniels in this show! Also, the real live umbrella raised by a stomach-pump from Jonah arter he had swallowed the whale! No connection with that humbug over the way! Here's the only place where you pays yer money and gits yer choice all about the Albino children with blue hair and pink eyes, jest imported from Galway. Also the Man of Galway, who can't sit down without making a hole in the ground—which proves that Darwin was descended from a monkey!"

Little childish reminiscences like these will recall to memory those happy scenes of your youth, when you would fain believe all you heard, but were puzzled between the mingled asseverations of the excited and rival showmen.

Now you know that they were all the time laughing in their sleeves at your gullibility; and, if you think for a moment, you can apply the lesson taught then, and understood now, to the rival showmen in Brooklyn.

If Mr. Beecher for sensational work received \$20,000 per annum, clearly Brother Talmage, with longer legs and a bigger mouth, felt dissatisfied. Just as the theatrical managers go in for a grand sensation when boxes, *parquette* and gallery are empty, so did Brother Talmage go in for a grand sensation.

You have read your PUCK, so you know all about it.

And then Brother Talmage received an advance of salary up to \$12,000. That was hardly up to the Beecher figure, but it was a grand increase, and he is bound to reach that figure or burst in the attempt. He defies all "hell and earth," and all the little fishes, to prevent him from preaching about what naughty young men do until he saves 10,000 souls—and—for certainly souls saved are cheap at \$2.00 each—\$20,000 a year salary. Any congregation would willingly pay a couple of dollars to save a naughty young man's soul.

So in he goes. He hangs out his banners on his outer walls, and the cry is still, the crowds come to see him prance around among the demi-monde of the metropolis. It's as good as a play, and better, in these hard times, because it costs less. Many years ago, people went to see Sir William Don play *John Buttercup*, because he was a live English baronet, and had legs four feet long. Now an audience is easily assembled to hear Talmage play the devil, because he is a real live clergyman, and has legs—no man knows how long. And it is farce, light comedy, pantomime, heavy tragedy—all in one. Can you, Messrs. Wallack or Shook, give us such an omnium-gatherum show? "May the lightnings of Heaven (here

a trustee turns on a gas-light) blast with a terrible blasting (here Brother Arbuckle toots his cornet) the grinning fiends of hell (and here all the auditory laugh)." This isn't just what Brother Talmage wants, so he monkeys around the aisles and the edges of the seats, while Morgan plays the doxology and the trustees gather in the nickels.

For has not showman Talmage to be paid for his work?

And there, near by, is Beecher, whom his flock call Heavenward Beecher; but who is not so, by any means. His prophetic father knew enough not to name him so.

Is the wind to be taken from his sails, and a grea'er than he to reign over Brooklyn? Perish the thought! He has his little sensational points also. He has his acrobatic views of climbing up the back of friendship; of impaling a friend, with the "terrific act" of striking a knife through his heart, and other curiosities of like nature, "warranted never before exhibited in any Christian church."

So for the shekels and the nickels the two wage wild war against each other, as the showmen did in our youth; and on nearly equal terms, only that one has a skeleton in his closet while the other has not.

Brother Talmage seems to be in the way of running the most successful show, just now; his elephant appears to be raising his horn up to that \$20,000 a year. But if, on the other side, that skeleton should ever come out from its closet, police-clubs and fire-hose could not keep the crowds away from Plymouth.

And so they go, "Walk right up, gents! In this way, ladies! Here's your pure, unadulterated, solid chunks of religion and nastiness. Bring in your children! Life-like descriptions of everything that will show you—"

This is in the city of churches. There was once a town called Sodom, and another called Gomorrah. They are not prosperous centres of trade just at present. They met with a sudden death, and were at once buried.

Is there no celestial electricity to stop Beecher and Talmage, and thus save Brooklyn?

A NEW EFFECT.



MÆCENAS.—"What d'ye think of it, eh? Me, you know, as Apollo."

CONNAISSEUR.—"Er—er—kind of woolly, isn't it?"

MÆCENAS.—"Well, yes, mebbe it *is* a little woolly. Fact is, I had myself sculpted in my merinos. I wanted skin; but my wife said it shouldn't stand in the parlor if it didn't have suthin' on. Does add a kind of grandoor, don't it?"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LX.

THE OPERA.



Ya-as, everwy fellow, especially everwy English fellow, had to be aw pwesent at the opening night of the Ameriican operwatic season. The opera was pwesented in a wathah large theatre, called

an aw aw Academy, for the weason, I suppose, that some fellows had weceived instuuction there at some time or othah.

Amerwicans, yer know—at least Jack says—don't aw compwehend how to give operwa pwopahly, and perwhaps that's the weason Mapleson was obliged to come ovah he-ah to take charge of the arwangements. Stwange that Amerwicans wemain so deplorwably ignorwant in these wespects aw.

Mapleson had apparrently taken a gweat deal of aw twouble to twy to bwreak in these wepublican people to operwa—but weally, yer know, no fellow would expect to see the thing carwied on as we do it at home, yer see; but still it's a verwy tolerwable substitute.

I aw, yer know, don't pwetend to be an aw authorwity on music. I nevah twouble my bwain about such aw mattahs—always leave that sort of thing to fellows aw who are obliged to earn their bwead and buttah by such arwangements.

The operwa at home, yer see, does verwy well for our set as some place to stwoll into aftah dinnah durwing the season, or when one has been bawed at being obliged to put in an appearance at some aw aw at homes.

Of course it's quite differwent he-ah—no wegular society, yer see, to compwehend it. Want yer know, somebody to dwill them.

The house where the aw operwa was given was cwowded with varwious classes of the Ameriican community—and we lounged in a aw box and looked awound us.

Jack Carnegie said the operwa was "La Twaviata," and I dessay he was wight. I nevah can wecognize one operwa fwom anothah. The whole business just had a touch of the corwect thing; and if a fellow shut his eyes, he might weally imagine for a moment, yer know, that he was in London or Parwis, for the operwa singers sang, the aw ballet danced, and the orchestwa played, and people applauded—just as they do at othah places. So Amerwicans ought to be extremly obliged to Mapleson for endeavowwing to give them the wwpoh Bwitish ide-ahs.

Jack says he was aw vastly amused at the appearance of some of the Ameriican men—arwistocwats—who twied to be aw verwy heavy swells, and who, in all pwobability, had nevah been at an operwa in full dwess in their lives. After coming fwom perwhaps their wotten club, they stwoll in he-ah, and attempt to aw affect our style; but they can't do it aw.

BROTHER MOODY is going to study, during the coming winter, six hours a day. Why not make it eighteen hours a day, spring, summer, fall and winter, say, for the next twenty-five years?

A BOY of ten and a girl of eight eloped from Brookline, Mass. This precocity is natural in children who live in a place which is so blamably like Brooklyn in spelling and pronunciation.

THE TWO ROSES.



MY love, my May, and I one day,
Enchanted with the weather,
Walked through the shade of woodland glade
In bliss, because together.

Said sweetheart May, "Look love, I pray!"
I looked, and saw her bending
A rose-bush o'er, her beauty more
Than earthly radiance lending
Unto the flower, whose hue the power
Of heaven was spent in blending.

Two roses grew, but only two,
In solitary splendor
Upon the bush—I made a rush
To pluck and then to render
Them unto whom their earthly bloom
Could offer no comparing;
But "Stay, oh stay!" said sweetheart May,
"Nor pluck them; for by sparing
They two will blow till winter's snow,
Your love and mine declaring!"

My love, my May, and I one day,
While winter winds were blowing,
Came to the place where once in grace
Two flowers we loved were growing;
But gone was one, and low upon
The mossy rock was lying,
The other, filled with dew distilled
From Evening's vase, was sighing,
As though it wept the friend who slept,
And murmured at his dying.

"An evil sign, dear sweetheart mine,"
I said; "what is its meaning?"
"It may portend, what heaven forefend
It does not, that the gleaming
Of Death is nigh, when you or I
Must here be left a-sighing."
And as I spoke, my voice it broke
In sobs—and almost crying—
I blush to say—I looked at May
To list her sweet replying.

My love, my May, what did she say?
She said: "My dear, these flowers
Were bruised by fate when separate,
For one, by all the powers
Of Nature torn, now lies forlorn
Upon the sod expiring;
The other, left of friend bereft,
Of life is quickly tiring.
The lesson's plain—then why remain
A two, when, by aspiring
To marriage, we a one shall be,
Each other's hopes inspiring?"

* * * *

'Tis passing strange, a wondrous change
Has come upon the flower,
Once all alone—for there have grown
And bloomed—a heaven-sent dower—
THREE blossoms fair, of beauty rare,
Anear the parent stem;
'Twas just to-day, I went with May
And calmly looked on them;
"A prophecy!" said I, and she—
She blushed, and sighed, "Ahem!"

JARCE.

WHAT NEXT?



MR. TILDEN having very properly denied being concerned, directly or indirectly, with the cipher dispatches, several other prominent persons have followed suit by repudiating their connection with transactions with which their names have hitherto been inseparably connected.

These communications have been addressed solely to PUCK—they are not so long as Mr. Tilden's letter, but they are quite as emphatic and unequivocal in their denial.

The first is from Mr. M. J. Brutus, formerly a prominent citizen of Rome.

MR. BRUTUS'S DISCLAIMER.

ROME, Oct. 10, 1878.

Ave! PUCK:

For many years I have allowed a report to gain currency that I, associated with Messrs. Casca, Cassius and others, was instrumental in sticking a dagger under the fifth rib of General Julius Cæsar. This was in 44 B.C. I always looked upon the accusation as too absurd for serious consideration, and have not even striven to live it down; but now I think I have allowed a sufficient time to elapse to prove to the world at large how utterly unfounded is the charge. However, I now, once and for all, deny having had anything, directly or indirectly, to do with the matter. I never spoke to the General in my life—scarcely knew that such a person existed—and only saw him on one occasion, at a Martha Washington Tea Party in the Forum.

Vale! PUCK.

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

THE DUKE OF NORMANDY SPEAKS.

MANTES, Oct. 10, 1878.

A Mons. PUCK:

Why will people persist in styling me William the Conqueror? They have done it now for more than eight hundred years. I am not aware that I ever conquered anything or anybody. As for saying that I was present at the battle of Hastings in 1066, it is a vile calumny and a gratuitous insult to my dear friend Mr. Harold Godwin.

Receive, Mons. PUCK, the assurance of my very distinguished consideration.

WILLIAM.

DIDN'T CROSS AFRICA.

HERALD BUREAU, Paris, Oct. 10, 1878.

To the Editors of PUCK:

Gents—Many persons have seen fit to accuse me of crossing Africa and finding the late Dr. Livingston. There is not a particle of truth in such statements. I never crossed Africa in my life, and so far from finding Livingston, I was not aware that such a person was ever lost.

It is a base fabrication to injure me in the eyes of Mr. Bennett.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

NOT SECRETARY OF STATE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1878.

PUCK, Esq.:

Sir—To you, sir, I am sure I need not apologize for the freedom I have used in addressing you, but when distorted facts are allowed to be scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of this extensive country it behooves those who have it in their power to prove that these facts are not entitled to that appellation, to enter *con amore* into the subject, in spite of insuperable obstacles, and bring them into the sacred haven of truth, which naturally suggests to me, without further preface, that certain unprincipled politicians have cruelly alleged that I am Secretary of State—and I wish to say in regard hereto, that I give such a preposterous assertion my positive, absolute, emphatic, broad, round, explicit, marked, distinct, decided, dogmatic, formal, solemn, categorical, peremptory, predicable, pronounciative, unretracted denial.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

WM. M. EVARTS.

CARD FROM PONTIUS PILATE.

JERUSALEM, Oct. 21, 1878.

To Mr. Editor of PUCK, greeting:

My attention has just been called to the fact that a widespread rumor has for some time existed, connecting me with an unfortunate case of maladministration of justice which occurred in one of the district courts of this city about, I think, the year 36 or 37 of the present era.

After proper deliberation, I think it due to my position to state that I had not the slightest knowledge of the affair at the time it occurred. I have always made it a rule not to have any dealings with the residents of this city, further than in the item of cast-off garments.

As to this particular case, I never saw the gentleman in my life; never spoke to him, and if any unpleasantness took place, it was without my consent or concurrence.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

P. PILATE,

Military Governor of Jerusalem.

THE HATCHET DUG UP.

MT. VERNON, Oct. 20, 1878.

To the Editor of PUCK,

Respected Sir:

I am much Grieved to learn, thro' the kind Offices of a friend, that maliciously disposed Persons are spreading an Injurious Rumour connecting Me and a Hatchet; in which Juxtaposition, Sir, I have no desire to rest.

While I do not Approve of *hasty*, or *inconder'd* Celerity, yet I would lose no time in contradicting so Cruel a Calumny. Let me then, Sir, asseverate to You, on my Honour as an Officer, that I have never owned a Hatchet, and that I have always, since my earliest Recollection, fallen into Fits on the Sight of a Cherry-Tree. Also that I can Lie, like the Next Man.

Believe me, Honour'd Sir,
Your Very Humble Most Obedient Serv't,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS RISES TO EXPLAIN.

PALOS, Oct. 15th, 1878.

To the Editor of PUCK:

If I have for some time permitted an unfounded report to get abroad, that I was the discoverer of America, it is only because I have not deemed it necessary to deny so obviously false an assertion.

I have now to say, however, that I not only did not discover America, but that I don't know anyone who did.

I have not the slightest idea where the place is, if, indeed, it exists; and what is more, I don't care a red cent.

I am always sea-sick when on the water; and in fact I have made but one voyage in my life, and that was on a ferry-boat.

I think it is very hard that an old and inoffensive man can not be permitted to die in peace, without having all sorts of insane accusations heaved at his whitening head.

Very respectfully,

CHR. W. COLUMBUS.

MR. BEECHER SAYS HE DIDN'T EITHER.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, Oct. 18.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Sir—During the last few years various evil disposed persons have been circulating rumors with regard to my purity of life, which are calculated to have a damaging effect on my character among ignorant persons. I beg leave to say that all such reports have not the slightest foundation in fact, and that I never administered to anybody a paroxysmal kiss.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LUNAR FEVER.

THE subscriber humbly suggests that the following apostrophe was emitted under the inspiring rays of a full moon, and it may be inferred that its creator (that's the speaker) was likewise.

O Moon! a high old moon you are;
I've seen you before.
Many a time and oft have we risen together;
But I always went down before you—
Made the circuit quicker, as it were.
Glorious orb of night, thy radiant face
Beams on all nature.
Again are you full—I'm pushin' you close.
The more fuller you are, the more light—
The more fuller I get, the darker
Doth nature grow.
You fill at intervals—my habits are more so,
For I fill every night.
When I'm on my first quarter, I feel "so-so;"
When on my second, a strange joviality
Doth possess itself of me;
The third quarter develops queer phenomena;
But a dollar—not the trade-dollar—floods me.
Thy fiery flush prostrates me. I seek
A compromising shade, and recline—in the gutter.
O Moon! MOON!! MOONIE!!!
Why ain't you out every night, like me?
I notice that you are cautious;
Threatening weather discourages you.
It does me, too. Yet, perhaps I wrong you.
I've been in every cell in the lock-up,
And you've been out, maybe, when I was in.
Yet I'm full, Moonie, or try to be.
Blame not the bar—(hic—nearly said "bard")-rooms;
It's not their fault.
They help me out, sometimes, but too suddenly, Moonie—
Too impromptu like to hasten reform
Or equilibrium among terrestrial planets.
My wife says I'm out too much;
But she doesn't understand astronomy, Moonie.
D—rat a woman, anyhow. You can stay out
All night, and nobody to boss around and growl.
Moonie—hic—if you could take in the
Lectures—regular course—I get at 3 A.M. sharp.
You'd weep little stars. Well, you—hic—goin'?
Goo—hic—goo—bye—member me to—er—hic—boys.
I'll take a—hic—d-r-o-p.
Ta-ta—tra-la-la—hurrah—hic—for—hic—hic."

J. A. D.

A NEW AND DESERVING CHARITY.

EVEN the most casual observer of life in our city must have noticed that there is a large and constantly increasing class in our community whose condition calls for immediate relief. I refer to the indigent and infirm young men who may be seen at all hours standing upon street corners, disfiguring hotel entrances, and lounging in billiard saloons and about theatre doors, especially at matinées. These unhappy creatures, whose secular disease obliges them to smoke all day, drink all night, and eat and sleep between times, are afflicted with a chronic incapacity for any kind of useful occupation, and compelled to rely for their support upon the exertions of some less afflicted relative—perhaps a blind peanut-peddling father, or a vigorous grandmother who takes in washing or sweeps out offices.

There are well-marked signs by which the infirm and indigent young man may be detected at a glance. In the worst phases of his condition he may be known by his pantaloons, which stick to certain parts of his thin legs like an eel-skin, and flare out around his box-

toed shoes like a ballet-dancer's dress. His hair is usually jet-black and puffed out behind. He walks with short steps, and sometimes forgets to wash his face. He may be usually found dancing jigs on gin-shop corners, and does not object to pick a pocket occasionally.

In the earlier, or less marked stages, he may be detected by his plaid coat, his exceedingly large watch-seals, and his particularly-polished hat. He usually twirls a small cane, and wears a seal ring with a stone as large as a block of Belgian pavement. He sneers at plainer dressed people, and is bothered by the adoration of every personable female between the age of fourteen and forty. He would not object to a fat office under the city government, provided some one would fetch his salary to his favorite billiard saloon.

My heart aches at the misery of these poor creatures, and I earnestly desire to call the attention of the charitable and humane to the plan which I have formulated for their relief. There should be established an Asylum for Indigent and Infirm Young Men, under the following conditions:

A large and commodious edifice should be erected upon a suitable site, somewhere beyond the city limits. The street-cleaning bureau might construct the ground by dumping the city's refuse ashes and garbage in sufficient quantities off Barren Island. The building should be of three stories, and arranged as follows: The lower floor must be fitted up with pool and billiard tables, besides an ample provision of dealing boxes, cards, chips and other paraphernalia for playing faro, banco, poker, and other innocent games. French and auction pools may be sold upon imaginary sporting events; inmates being furnished with paper currency issued by the directors upon the improved inflation system. A few countrymen should be provided for the healthful exercise of pocket-picking, which will be found absolutely necessary to the moral welfare of many of the occupants.

The second floor must be arranged as a concert hall and variety theatre; where performances of a high moral tone should be given nightly. I would suggest the various phases of the "Can-can," "Female Bathers," and other standard plays of like nature. Jersey kill-me-quick, patent champagne, and dead-house bourbon should be administered in ample doses;

and the performers should be selected among the choicest beauties in the charity hospitals and reformatories, under the charge of the Department of Charities and Correction. The third floor should be a dormitory, connected by elevators with the billiard room and concert hall. It is to be understood that inmates may sleep in their boots and sing comic songs in this department, *ad libitum*.

The collection of patients should be accomplished after the manner in which dogs are caught during the heated term. Trucks, carrying large iron crates, and driven by competent old women, should patrol the streets at all hours, gathering up all such indigent and infirm young men as might be found at large. Cattle-boats, waiting at certain piers, might receive the collections and convey them to the asylum. A benevolent friend, of much experience, suggests that the crates should be sunk in the bay, and thus save the expense of the asylum and its concomitant furnishings. But I prefer my own plan.

Upon the arrival of the patients at the asylum, they should be at once turned loose into the billiard room, and allowed to find their way to the floors above. Stout porters, with bale-hooks, should be kept in attendance, to heap the inmates upon the elevators for conveyance to the dormitories, directly they become paralyzed. Breakfast must be served at twelve M.: to consist of soda water, seltzer, bitters and cocktails; other meals at the caprice of the inmates.

I was about to conclude by suggesting, as a necessary attachment to the asylum, a capacious graveyard. But Professor Scalpel, of the University, observes that the defunct inmates might furnish studies of especial interest to the medical faculty. I therefore propose that, on the entrance of each inmate, his be name recorded in a register, together with the particular hospital to which his corpse is to go. Dissection might reveal the cause and cure of the terrible malady with which so many of our noble youth are afflicted.

KYLE-HILDRETH.

OUR Cockney contributor insists that (H)Oxie, the victim of Wall street speculation, lost money because he couldn't help being a bull.

BLEEDING BOSNIA.



1) Sketch of a Bosnian family of aristocratic lineage and normal proportions, groaning under the yoke of the unspeakable Turk.



2) Sketch of the same family after making the famous "Stand for Liberty" at Podgoritz.



3) The same after Serbia and Montenegro came to Freedom's aid.



4) Same after receiving assistance from Austria. [Note.—The vital spark of Bosnian liberty still burns in the old gentleman's breast.

OPERA AIRS.

HE was capped with a beauty soul-thrilling;
 She had loaded with powder her cheeks;
 The glances she shot were most killing,
 With eyeballs which flashed all in streaks.
 She was charged to go off, and she prized that creed
 more
 Every day, and of lovers had twenty—her score.

Beside her a "big gun" was sitting,
 Half shot, being primed with much wine;
 Well wadded his coat, which was fitting
 To one whose sole aim was to shine.
 The girl was a rifle—in love or in war,
 While he, from his looks, seemed a very smooth bore.

They were both dressed to kill in the fashion
 (The reason, perhaps, they both dyed);
 And they knew they were cutting a dash on
 Their elegant patent outside,
 As they sat in the opera box, both in pose,
 Now closing their eyes, and then eying their clothes.

On the air now came airs operatic
 From those who could not raise a note;
 Who dwelt in a low upper attic,
 And sang with a very soar throat:
 But all this fine music—high-toned and solo—
 Was lost on this girl, full of airs, and her beau.

II.

In the midst of the opera singing
 An uproar was raised in their box,
 By the couple their heads closely bringing,
 While fighting for something that shocks:
 He thought he had lost the false "mustash" he wore
 But grabbed her false eyebrow. She swooned on the
 floor.

MORAL.

Let those having faults exercise greater cares,
 And never, at opera, put on false (h)airs.

H. C. DODGE.

LADISLAUS AND LODOISKA.

A HORRIBLE—a positively blood-curdling report comes from Hungary. We trust it is not true—that it is at least an exaggeration.

For if it is to be accepted in all its awful integrity, we can only tremble to think of the unspeakable terrors which the future may have in store for us. A vista opens up to our shrinking sight by the side of which the through line to eternal sulphur is a path of roses.

It appears that in Hungary there lived a youth who, disguised though he might be under the name of Ladislaus Czackoajkcy, was none the less clearly a member of the vast cosmopolitan family of Dampfools.

He was a barber, was Ladislaus. Not the boss-conversationalist of his office, but a humble apprentice to the manly art. His duties were to lather the victims, to prepare the shampoo equipments whenever one of the regular customers of the establishment came in to give his Hyperion curls their annual treat. He had not yet reached that glorious point of advancement when the Hungarian tonsor-novice is permitted to operate upon the national chin.

Occasionally he was allowed to try his hand on some stray tourist; and when a razor was put upon the retired list, Ladislaus was at liberty to practice with it upon a hair trunk. But the loftier beauties of his profession were not, as yet, unfolded to the tyro's eyes.

Still he was, constructively, a barber. Hence it may be inferred, by those who have studied

the peculiarities of that highly peculiar class, that Ladislaus was either a rake or a lover. Barbers in general are divided into these two kinds. If a barber is not a bearsgrease Don Juan he is sure to be a Bay Rum Romeo. If he be not dissolute—a social meteor of libertinism, an irresistible terror of fascination to femininity, he is absolutely certain to be a phenomenon of sentiment—a victim to a cardiac system of abnormal size and susceptibility.

Ladislaus belonged to the latter class. He loved—loved in an intense, awful, wholesale manner. On the lovely Lodoiska Zickyffschotzikcy he lavished enough affection to have gone round among several young women. How often he beseeched her to change the honored patronymic of Zickyffschotzikcy for the more melodious Czackoajkcy, thereby effecting a clear saving of five consonants, it were useless to tell here; besides, it would take too long, and be too much of a strain on the types.

Let it be enough to say he did it frequently. But ineffectually.

This is the turning-point of the tale.

Perhaps it was that Ladislaus didn't do it enough or did it too much. Perhaps it was that he never did it the right way. Perhaps Lodoiska wasn't changing her name that season. At any rate, the impassioned barber slipped up on it, and Lodoiska continued to hang on to Zickyffschotzikcy, leaving Ladislaus to keep up a corner in Czackoajkcy.

That this cruel refusal preyed on the mind of Ladislaus we need scarcely observe. He were no true barber—no true Hungarian—had it not.

And it did.

It preyed—preyed continually and exasperatingly—preyed to that extent that thoracic chicken-pox (the Hungarian national ailment) was nothing to it, and gangrene of the diaphragm (hereditary in the Czackoajkcy family) but faintly typified its ravages.

Is it wonderful that under these circumstances, the agonized spirit of Ladislaus sought a desperate relief? Is it wonderful that, thus tormented in his tenderest affections, his lofty intellect looked upon the ghastly phantom of Suicide as a balm-bearing comforter?

"Death shall be my bride," murmured Ladislaus to himself, as he spread the snowy lather over a row of up-turned chins: "the love the heartless Lodoiska spurns I will carry to the bosom of oblivion."

He did—part of the way.

And in the calm and silent midnight, when all was dark and lonely in the deserted barber-shop; when his gay fellow-artists were madly pursuing their giddy round of dissipation in distant boudoirs and billiard-rooms, Ladislaus, with a fire of high resolve in his eye that belied the scarcely mortal pallor of his cheeks, felt for the sharpest razor in the whole arsenal—the razor kept sacred to the artistic touch of the maestro-barber.

With one last glimmer of professional pride he ran his finger across the keen invisible edge. It was hollow-ground, with a black bone handle.

Ladislaus raised his eyes to the ceiling, with a choking voice he rather gasped than cried: "Lodoiska! Merciless, merciless scion of the Zickyffschotzikcys! Fare thee well!"

And he drew the fatal blade across his throat, and with a gurgling moan, sank to the floor—a corpse?

No!

Worse!

Much worse. Ladislaus was not one of the corpse kind of suicides. He sank to the ground a potential tenor.

List the sequel.

In the early morn his comrades found him stretched upon the ground, just below the towel drawer.

Blood still flowed from the gaping wound in his neck, and his persistent silence proved to the assembled barbers that consciousness had fled.

Tenderly they lifted him and bore him to the neighboring hospital.

Ah! how many times had he trod that path with them, bearing the insensible bodies of victims slain in converse—chatted to immortality.

Little they dreamed, in the sadness of their hearts, that the mighty power of his larynx was neutralized but for a moment, only to bloom out again in still more fateful magnitude.

For so it was.

The doctors at the hospital—far be it from us to blame them, mere passive instruments of un pitying destiny—sewed up the gored throat of Ladislaus Czackoajkcy, and made a tenor of him.

We will not complicate the horror of the situation by entering into the surgical explanation of the phenomenon. In terms comprehensible to all the world, we may state that the larynx of Ladislaus, so far from being injured by the stroke of the razor blade, only gained a greater elasticity, toughness and working power; and was, moreover, set in a tenor key, slightly flat, but otherwise ready for business.

And thus another tenor is let loose! On a world already stricken with war, pestilence and famine, to say nothing of John Foley, Fate unchains another young man to warble "Grandfather's Clock"—another fiend capable of perpetrating Wagner on the operatic stage—another demon to disgrace masculinity with the High C.

It is pretty hard on the world to turn a man into a musician. But to metamorphose the poor wretch into the most offensive and objectionable variety of musician is rather too much. A basso we could have stood—but to create another tenor—we might almost as well have been visited with a young man with a taste for the flute.

And where is this to end? Are the terrors of the barber to be increased by the possibility of his suddenly turning into a tenor? Is every lover who sets out to cut his throat to be transformed into a still more undesirable species of lunatic? Does the awful germ of a tenor lie hid in every loquacious latherer; in every sighing Corydon?

Think of this, fellow men—think of it, while the vengeful Ladislaus Czackoajkcy uses his new-found power in serenading the hapless Lodoiska Zickyffschotzikcy.

"LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY."



THE VOICE OF SCANDAL:—"My dear, there's Something behind it!"

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

IV.

THE FEMALE FIEND, WITH A GRIEVANCE.



Can such Things be, and go around overcoming us like a very disagreeable late-in-the-season cloud without our extremely especial wonder?

This is quoted from Shakspeare.

In the present instance I have used the words of the Gentleman from Avon because they seem to be so apropos to the female sex. The female sex should be beautiful, and coy, and captivating: alas, some of them are very withered, and are very far from being coy; and as to captivity, why, dear boys, if you passed and re-passed them a dozen times during your post-prandial peregrinations along Broadway, not one of them would ever stir a fever in the blood of youth.

In fact, your arterial thermometrical quicksilver would go down-cellar at once, looking after its zero.

For these ladies are, so to speak, uncomfortable companions. They are, thank God, generally widows or old maids. Although these latter are the more docile of the species. But when the F. with a Grievance is a widder, let Mankind hie himself to a distance and Beware!

Her home is a Rocking-chair, her hair is unkempt; she is perpetually down at the heel, both in spirits and in stockings; and she occupies her time sighing over her bedraggled children while she grinds a quarter-pound of coffee over and over again, till the aroma goes out in dust and gossip.

Fate is hard upon her. She tells you this when she makes her frequent visit to your home. If you are a man you see her ensconced in your favorite easy-chair, as homeward you have wended your way after a day of heavy toil. She has a glass of wine in one hand, a plate of cake in the other, and a bunch of purplest grapes (there being no room for them elsewhere) nestles cozily in the capacious and bag-like lap between her knees. She also has a grin of extreme physical comfort and mental snooziness upon her lips as you enter—which then, presto change! becomes metamorphosed into a sadness the like of which strikes terror deeper to heart of man than could the bullets of several hundred Remington rifles. Then she begins upon her late husband—with whom she waged a necessary warfare during his recent and very useless life—and she calls for sympathy for her condition of lone widderhood; and the Fraternity to whom her lately-bereft belonged have not paid up the benefits, as they should; and (“yes, another drop of the wine”) whatever is she going to do with the children, when Tommy falls over the area-railing; and she has no friends in the world, and boo-hoo! boo-hoo! “Have you such a thing as a bottle of soda in the house? O, don’t send for it. Well, if you will, tell them to put a dash of brandy into it—ah—ah! I’m so low-spirited! Won’t you sit down to the piano, my dear, and sing me—‘We have lived and loved together’?”

This might possibly be borne, were the rest

to be silence. But this Fiend is aroused by your hospitable wine, to speak nothing of more potent fluids.

Her mouth is opened, and she speaks. She reminds you that you are a married man, and that there is no reason why she should not speak right out before you. Then she commences what may be termed a personal diagnosis of herself. She informs you of the former, present and probable future condition of her physical organization; she enters largely, and also minutely, into descriptions of the peculiarities attendant upon the coming-into-life of her several children. And here she is quite pre-Raphaelite in the distinctness with which she portrays things.

Did ever female suffer as she has?

She only mentions these things because she feels the need of a sympathetic heart; she is a lone, ’lorn widder, and she wants to rest her aching head on some loving breast. “And a lone critter with combustion of the liver, and her lungs full of obstacles, and her—”

Under these circumstances you are glad to guide her unsteady feet to a carriage, and you think her hack-hire home is money well spent.

E. S. L.

MY MUSICAL EXPERIENCE.

I DO not like the cornet. If I may be allowed to express my opinion upon it—but no, I will not; there is not sufficient profanity in the English language.

On the other hand, Georgiana “adores” the cornet. Georgiana is my Dulcinea del Hoboken. I have a sort of her-wish-is-my-law feeling towards Georgiana.

Consequently I determined to become master of that instrument.

Fired with the idea, I started out to buy one. I have a friend in the musical instrument business, who furnished me with one at not more than twenty-five per cent. above the regular price—very reasonable for a “friend in the business.”

A German lives in our street who plays the cornet. He discourses sweet music in a concert saloon. Happy man! how I envied him. His life was one felicitous flow of unison and sweet harmony—and beer! Bacchus and Apollo mingled—principally Bacchus. His name is Schnapphausen. I engaged him to teach me.

I had two days to practice upon my instrument before my first lesson was to take place. Two such days! May I never see their like again. I nearly blew myself inside out, but could not produce a note. I blew myself red, and then white; I inflicted permanent injury upon my lungs—but no note. Figuratively speaking, the more I blew, the bluer I got. At last, becoming disgusted, I banged the thing against the wall three or four times, and waited in gloomy silence for my preceptor.

He came, and I suggested to him that there must be something wrong about the cornet; it wouldn’t go. Whereupon he took it up and warbled “Sweet Spirit, Hear My Remarks” without moving a muscle scarcely. All his efforts to teach me, however, were in vain. He came three times. On the third day he exclaimed:

“Mein Gott! you vas a plockhead. I haf told you ninedeen or elefen times how to do it, und you not can. Vhy, my little Yacup, at home, plays better than you, uf you dry one hoondred year.”

From which it was evident that the Professor was becoming excited; also that the cornet was hereditary in his family.

I gave up the Professor, and started again by myself. In about a week I brought forth a note.

With the aid of an opera-glass, it could be

plainly heard a mile away. All the cats in the neighborhood turned green with envy. (I have photographs of them, taken as they were turning.) My joy was so great that I hardly noticed my landlady, who bounced into the room, threatening me with an ejectment if it ever occurred again. It never occurred again—not there.

I played that note, modulated, about ten days; but, although it was beautiful and perfect in itself, there was not sufficient variety in it to suit a critical taste. An obligato upon one note may not be considered a success. Fortunately, therefore, I struck a second note, and my happiness was complete.

I arranged upon those two notes what I called my “Echo Song.” It was glorious! First low and tremulous, then high and impassioned, and finally bursting forth in one grand—I really forget what it was that was grand, but no matter. I was now fit to appear before Georgiana.

I casually mentioned to her that I played a few little airs upon the cornet, and she invited me to come over and play them for her; which I accordingly did.

There was quite a party assembled, including a facetious young man, whom I detest. As I had brought my instrument with me, I was requested to play; so I modestly attempted my “Echo.” Imagine my dismay when I found myself in the same predicament as when I first attempted to play. Not a sound could I make, though I was blowing myself purple. The facetious young man wanted to know if I was practicing for the “deaf and dumb scene in the ‘Bohemian Boy,’” and hinted that I was under training as a “dummy” in a cheap orchestra.

I nerved myself for a final effort, and with desperation made one final “blow.” Such a noise was never heard before in any four walls in Christendom. Gabriel’s trumpet, when compared with it, may be considered as a strictly third-rate penny whistle.

Of course I gave up my attempt at playing, and in a few minutes all the guests who had recovered sufficiently departed, and I with them. I took occasion before I went to quite accidentally jam my cornet against the facetious young man’s ear. He howled with anguish. It was sweet music to me. I hope he is howling with anguish at the present moment.

That young man won’t faseesh any more for some time—oh, no.

On my way home, I dropped that cornet ’neath the black, rushing tide, and reached home, to quote that original but expressive phrase, “a sadder but not a wiser man.”

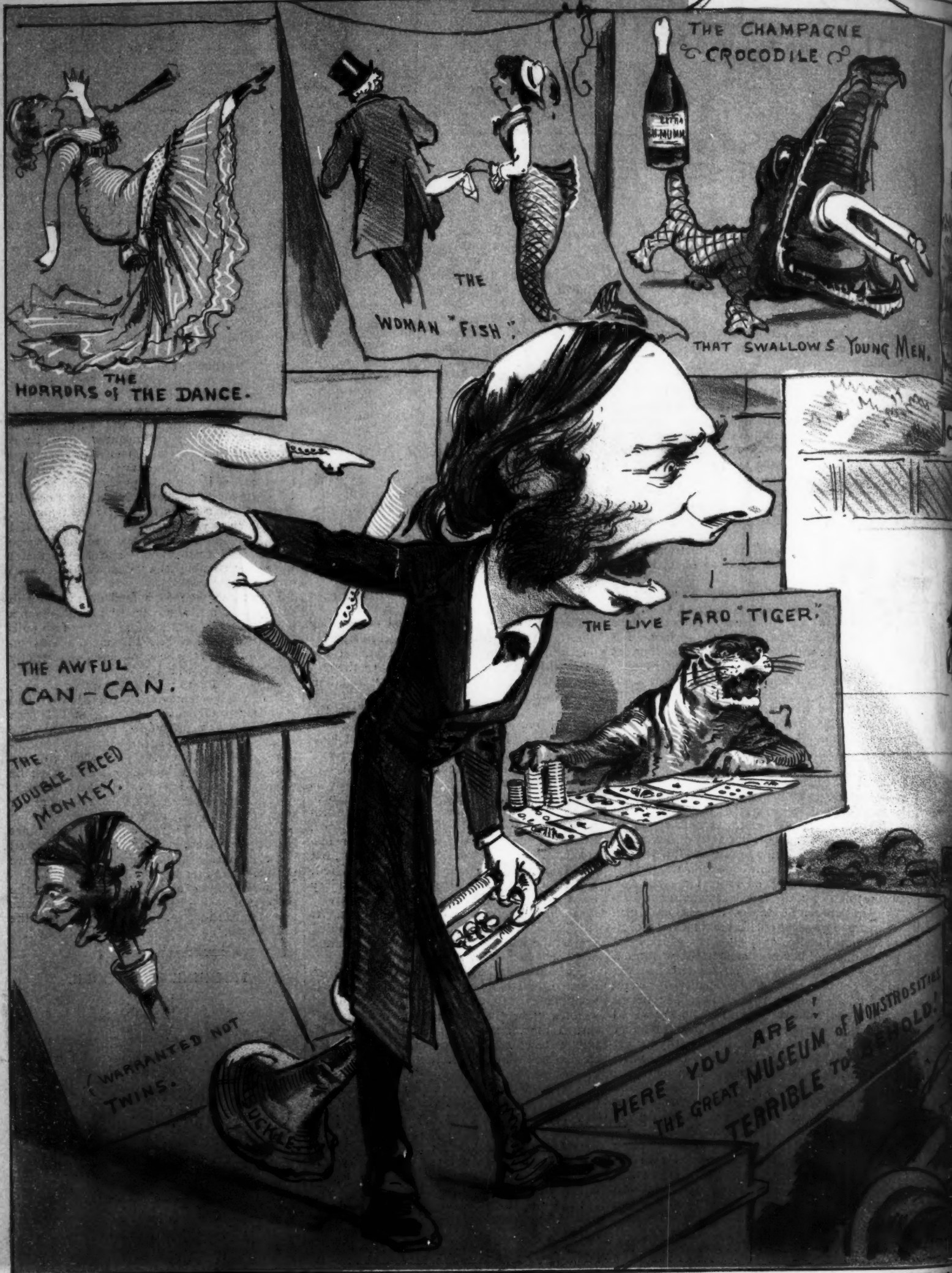
I now contemplate visiting Europe, for the purpose of taking lessons from the old masters upon the hand-organ. Georgiana “loves” the hand-organ.

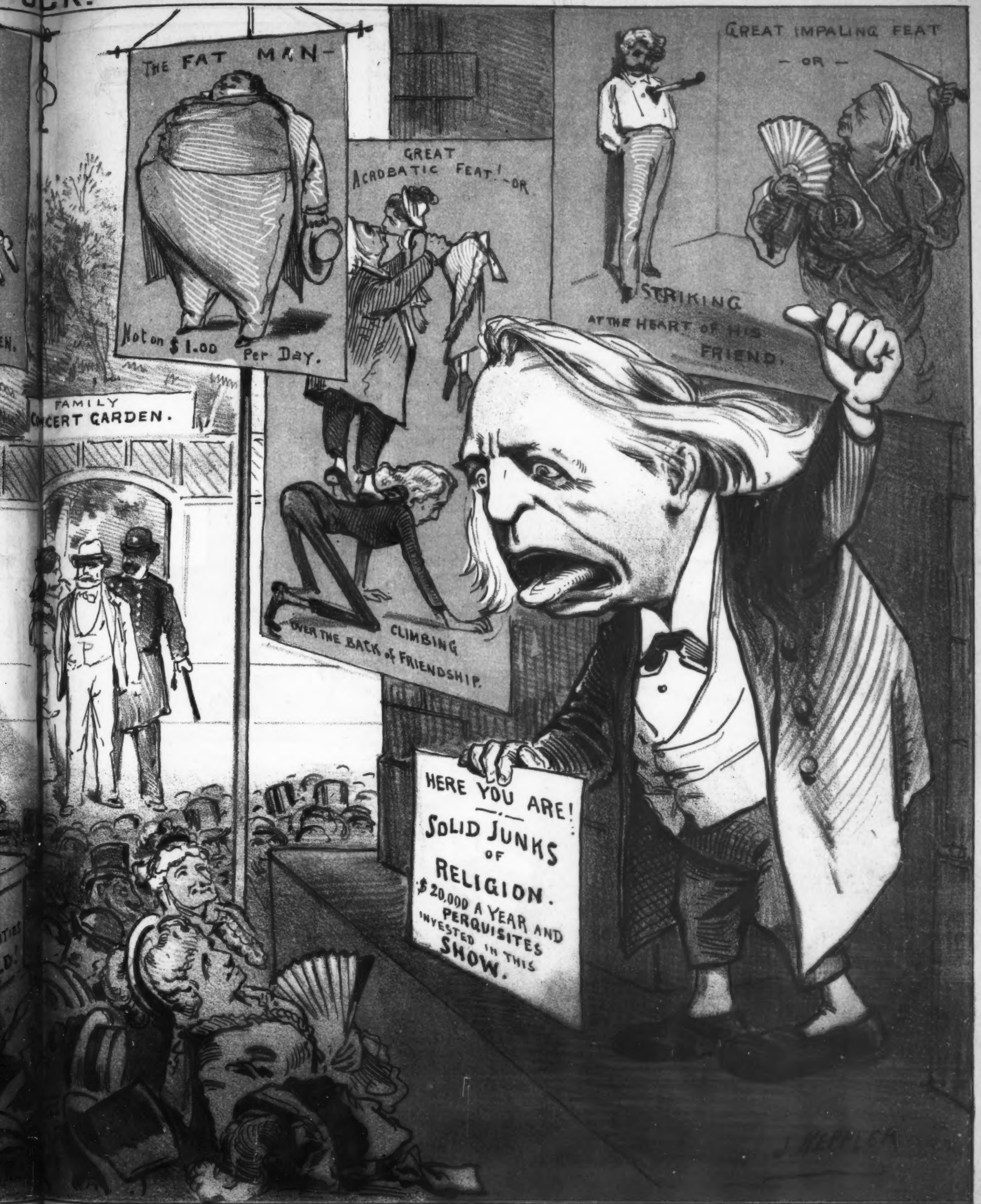
HEM LOCH.

FEMININE HYPERBOLE.



“I assure you, my love, the streets were literally flooded, and we had to paddle down to Aunt Maria’s!”





THE ROMANCE OF THE SEIDEL-SLINGER.

LEANED from a casement high a lady fair,
Her starry eyes 'neath down-dropped lids close
veiled;
In wild abandon strayed her glorious hair,
"Dear love, farewell," 'mid falling tears she wailed

To a dejected youth who forth did fare,
Banished from her who loved him passing well,
His sulphurous curses indigoed the air,
As prone upon the pave he headlong fell.

Wildly he clutched the basement of his pants,
From his pale lips a frightful yell arose,
Whilom behind he cast a look askance,
To dodge, mayhap, the fast descending blows

Rained on his rear by the progenitor
Paternal of the lady of his dreams,
The aged, grave and reverend Senator,
Who kicked him well, despite his oaths and screams.

Fatigued by the unwonted exercise,
The graybeard ceased, and underneath his breath
He said, "Young fellow, GIT!! for I surmise
A longer stay, perchance, might cause thy death.

Go! let me see no more thy hairless face
Haunting the precincts where my child doth dwell,
For if I catch thee loafing round the place
Like Richard III., I'll send thee down to—well

He went forsooth, and round the corner turning,
Hid from the sight of his loved lady's sire,
His anguished soul with sense of insult burning
To Heaven he vowed to wreak a vengeance dire.

Then this unhappy youth in silence utter
Moved on. I watched, and saw him disappear
Into a place that bore upon the shutter
Th' enticing legend, "LUNCH AND LIQUORS HERE."

I entered in, and half an hour later,
Having removed his torn and fractured gear,
Clothed in the pale white jacket of a waiter,
I saw that lover serving LAGER BEER.

W. M. L.

MR. MUGGINS GOES INTO POLITICS.

DEAR OLD PUCK:—

Ah! ha!

I've joined the gang!

I mean The Great Irrational, Labor and Greenback Party.

I am a Greenbacker.

Likewise a laborer.

Henceforth I acquire my cereal pabulum by the insensible perspiration of my os frontis.

I am in fraternal fraternity with Mr. D. Kearney, Mr. B. Butler and that venerable glutiner, Mr. P. Cooper.

Kearney and I are a committee on platform.

Which is as under:

I—We believe in beer (bier, bière.)

II—The laborer is worthy of his hire; and when he gets it he should whack up with the other fellows.

III—We believe in an irredeemable currency—the more irredeemable the better, counterfeit bills, confederate money—anything that says "I promise to pay" on it—always provided that this promise to pay is a lie, and never intended to be fulfilled.

IV—We hold it to be an irrevocable and invulnerable truth that every man who is born free and equal, whether in a Republic or a Monarchy, or any other archy, under the broad canopy of the stripes and stars, whose glorious effulgence gives to the breeze the whispered murmurings of liberty—that broad and unfettered liberty that gives us freedom to take our own wherever we may find it; and whatever is, is our own, for are we not the spontaneous out-growth of nature, as well as the corn and New Orleans molasses?

V—We believe mainly in Greenbacks, but principally in beer, (in all languages.)

VI—Let the rich men divide up.

VII—No man has a right to be rich,

VIII—Except us,
IX—If we can get all we want,
X—And make the irredeemable Greenbacks legal tender.

XI—Forging is no crime, } among ad-
XII—Stealing is no crime, } vanced think-
XIII—Robbery is no crime, } ers.

XIV—It is the duty of every good citizen to take whatever he sees lying around loose, and if it isn't loose, to loosen it; and if the owner objects, to remove him. It is the duty of the rich to give all they have to the poor, and then go to work and earn more, so that as soon as the first donation is expended the second will be ready, and so on to the 3d, 4th and even the millionth time.

XV—Pool your old shoes.
When this platform is finished, it will be so broad, and deep, and wide, and long, and extended, and incomprehensible, that he who runs may read.

We shall make things lively.

We have already commenced—among ourselves—not but that we are entirely harmonious.

We are a band of brothers, and in entire fraternal accord. The little factious element that has crept into our ranks is nothing. As soon as we wipe out a few of the recalcitrant and discordant belligerents, who want everything their own way, we shall be once more a happy family.

What a pleasant sight will the world see when Ben Butler embraces Schwab, and his serene Blueness, Peter Cooper, greets The. Allen with the osculatory demonstration of brotherly affection!

It is our mission to enlighten the world in regard to the true value of money.

The world has existed over six thousand years, since Adam was a boy, if chronology is not a lie; and we have but just found out that gold and silver are utterly valueless, and that paper is, ought to be, and will be the true standard of and for all money, for all nations.

Any nation that will not take our irredeemable Greenbacks, when we issue them, is an incomprehensible and contemptible nincompoop.

Any man who prefers gold to paper money, especially if the latter is irredeemable, is a wrong-headed old pusillanimous catamaran, and should be shot on the spot.

What makes money valuable, is the stamp that the printer puts upon it—the green ink, and not a mere promise to pay, which is never meant to be kept when it is made.

[B. BUTLER.]

And this is the sort of money the people want. The more worthless the better. We shall establish printing presses in every city, and print millions of these bills, of all denominations, as soon as we elect our candidate. And then how will they come into the hands of the people, do you ask. Nothing easier. On every principal street corner of every principal city we shall have our agents stationed with millions upon millions of the new money, and they will hand it out freely to every passer-by.

Just think of the grand result!

Every man, woman, child, boy, girl, fellow, old maid, and hod-carrier in the country will be rich and have his or her millions of dollars, as well as Vanderbilt and Geo. F. Train, and all those other high-toned roosters.

A little reflection, just at this point, will show how immeasurably superior we shall be to them. For our money will be at par, while theirs will be utterly valueless.

We shall pity them, of course, but we shall not help them out of their dilemma, for their turn will have come, and they must suffer the just punishment for their misdeeds.

Money is simply a representation of value; it has no intrinsic value in itself. Then, why not as well use paper as gold? Gold is absolutely worthless. You cannot eat it, you cannot wear it.

Diamonds, pearls, rubies, are all dross, and of no value. If I had millions of diamonds I would cast them all in the sea; and if I had tons of gold and silver I would hurl them to the bottom of the ocean—because they are all valueless.

No one can gainsay these arguments, for they are the stock-in-trade arguments of the Irrational Greenback Labor Party, and are approved of by the Hon. P. Cooper and his greedy minions—I mean his noble followers.

Having thus briefly sketched out the plan of our champagne—I should say campaign, I close by saying that the Hon-o-rable Dennis—our boy—Kearney, although quiet for a time, is getting up an entirely new speech, full of strange oaths and startling issues, which he intends to pool for his fellow citizens at an early date.

I regret that I am unable, at this moment, to give you a sketch of this speech, as he has enjoined the strictest secrecy upon his coadjutors; but he has a startling sensation in reserve, with which he intends to turn the American Republic gray in a single night.

In due time, if health and strength fail me not, I hope to be able to report this speech verbatim, literatim, et ad nauseam, for the benefit of the readers of PUCK.

Yours pusillanimously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE THEATRES.

MODJESKA, at the Fifth Avenue, revived "Frou-frou," on Saturday, with the announcement that hers is Benjamin Webster's version, and not the familiar Dalyized article. This gives us reason to believe that Mr. Webster wrote very broken English for a man bearing the same surname as the illustrious Noah and Dan'l. There was quite a polyglot flavor about the performance, and "imported talent," in the persons of Miss Louise Müldener and Mr. Clements, made it lively for the vernacular. We don't quite know how it was, but there was a great deal of genius about the show, with scarcely enough H's to go round.

WALLACK'S gives us "The Jealous Wife" this week, and the periwig comedy seems likely to remain in possession of the theatre for some time longer, in spite of the obvious difficulty of getting Miss Rose Coghlan into a George III. key, and throwing an archaic flavor into the French comedy of her brother. Still, the regular Wallack audiences need their annual tonic of the "legitimate," and probably find it wholesome.

LOTTA does "La Cigale" at the PARK this week; and as Imogene, Maggie Mitchell and several other stars propose to compete with her in the part, we shall probably see gal after gal in it.

After this atrocity, we will pause only to remark that Mme. Stammwitz, at the BROADWAY, is upholding the cause of polyglot art, and delighting large audiences with a picture of a Roman Empress from a Teutonic standpoint.

Answers for the Anxious.

N. M.—Not much.

KYLE-HILDRETH.—Saturday afternoon.

HOXIE, Brooklyn.—Your "Confession" comes too late; and there is more truth than poetry in it. Besides, you don't go into details sufficiently. If you had let us have your "Confession" last week, we would have put you in the galaxy that Brother Talmage is looking at. However, we shall be happy to hear from you again, and will try to do you justice.

BELINDA.—Nice—very nice. The handwriting is in the first style of art, and we never saw a prettier monogram, or had our editorial olfactories tickled by more delightfully perfumed paper. But, dear Belinda, the poem will not suit us, nor, at the moment, could we name a publication that it would. Communicate with the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

PATIENT KITTY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

(Concluded.)

THE letter had no conclusion, but the bottom of its page was splashed and smeared with blood. I dropped it (it had been placed in my hands by Mr. Halland) with a gesture of disgust; but not because of its red *finis*. My soul was filled with loathing against the wretch who had sacrificed his only son rather than take the consequences of his own misdeed, and for the moment poor Frederic's wrongs outweighed with me those of Kate herself. What Roman, what Spartan, of them all had ever performed a nobler act of self-denial than this, to give up his good name, his love, and his country, to save a father's character from well-merited disgrace! What injuries had this old man wrought all round! and amongst them this personal wrong, that he had caused me to doubt the honor of my dearest friend, and to desert him in the hour of need! And oh, what misery for all these years had my sweet, patient Kitty suffered!

Mr. Halland's grave voice interrupted these angry thoughts. "We have sent for you, Mr. Clayton," he said, "to put you in possession of the contents of that sad letter, because we thought that the revelation was due to you. It has been made known to no one else, and I need not say that we look to you, in the interests of a wronged and innocent man, to preserve the secret. We do not know how things may have gone with your poor sister—"

Here he paused and looked towards his brother, who struck in.

"Mr. Clayton could relieve us from some of our embarrassment in this matter by telling us frankly how things stand at home."

Then I told them, not without some bitterness, how Kitty's life had been wrecked by that blast of ill report, though even yet she did not believe it; how the few years that had intervened since Frederic's exile had been as half a lifetime to her; and that when she died, it would be this miserable wretch who had cut short her days.

"The man is dead," said Mr. Halland softly.

"Yes, sir, but his deeds live after him."

"Your wrath is just," put in the younger brother; "still, something may yet be done in the way of remedy. We shall telegraph this day to Frederic Raynor, to summon him to take his father's place here; it is at once the least and most we can do for him. If we can add, however, that your sister's heart is still within his keeping—"

"But supposing that his own feelings are changed?" suggested Mr. Halland. "That would place the young lady in an embarrassing position."

"To be sure, I had forgotten that," returned the other with a touch of color; he was known to have been happy in his choice of a wife, and when that is so, men are apt to believe in the fidelity even of their own sex.

"Whatever happens will never go beyond us three," observed Mr. Halland thoughtfully. "Why not wire 'Are you free?' and prepay the return message. Then we shall know all in a few hours."

And this business method of treating a question of romance was at once adopted.

For my part, from mistrust in Fred, I had veered round to the most complete confidence in his faithfulness and devotion; but of course Mr. Halland's view had been the correct one. Why should it be taken for granted that this young fellow should be still "wearing the willow" for one whom he had himself absolved from her allegiance to him? For all we knew,

indeed, he might be dead and buried as well as married. No return telegram reached the office that day, and I went home very ill at ease; I feared lest Kitty would gather from my manner that something had happened, and if it had been possible to make any excuse for my absence, I would not have seen her till next day. As it was, I dined in the city, and called again at the office in the evening—but there was no news.

On my return home I found a strange alteration in Kitty's face. It was always pale enough now, poor soul; it looked care-worn though never grief-worn. But now her sweet eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks showed the traces of many tears. Unable to endure the spectacle of her misery, I bade her a hasty good-night, and was about to take up my bed candle, when she suddenly put this question, "Have you no message for me, Frank?"

"Message, darling? No. What news did you expect?"

"I did not say 'news,'" replied she in a tone of suppressed triumph. "It would be no news to me to hear that Fred was innocent. I knew that all along."

"Mr. Halland has been here, then!" cried I in astonishment. "He has told you what has happened."

She shook her head, and from her bosom pulled out a telegram wet with tears. It was from Frederic, and had arrived an hour ago. "I am coming home, love." Not a word else. He had not troubled himself to add, "My innocence is established;" it would have been two sovereigns thrown away.

At that moment a hansom dashed up to the door, and the next moment I heard the voice of the younger Mr. Halland asking the servant if I was at home. I knew at once that Frederic had sent his reply to his private house, and that this good man had driven over to me at once upon the receipt of it.

"It is all right, Mr. Clayton," whispered he, as he grasped my hand. "He comes home by the next steamer."

He came upstairs, and—well, to make it clear, I suppose, how matters stood, or perhaps it was a part of Fred's message that he had to deliver—he kissed Kitty; and we sat up talking till past midnight. But not a word did we ever tell her of that question, "Are you free?" which had been sent so unnecessarily across the world.

It was the intention of the firm, Mr. John told us, since they felt that a man with such an exceptional sense of duty as Frederic Raynor was invaluable, to put him in his father's place; while in the two months that must intervene before his arrival in England, their attention would be devoted to the selection of a wedding present for their junior partner.

"My wife, Miss Clayton, will do herself the honor—for such she will feel, it—of calling on you to-morrow," were his last words.

I had had no conception that "Johnny," as we clerks used to call him, was such a noble fellow.

The next day we were all summoned before the partners, and informed that a grave and terrible mistake had been made in the dismissal of Mr. Frederic Raynor, who had been proved wholly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. But not a word was said as to the actual offender; and though all sorts of surmises and suspicions were of course excited among my fellow-clerks, not one ever dreamt of accusing that exemplary and public-spirited man, Mr. Jacob Raynor, for whom, indeed, a sympathy greater than ever was now aroused, from the sense that he had been hurried to his death by the calumny that had exiled his only son. And here was manifested the wisdom of making Fred a partner, for in any lower position he would have been exposed to some painful in-

terrogations concerning the true culprit, which now no one would dare to put when it was once understood that he wished to be silent on the point. It was felt by both his employers—or, as I may now say, by his co-partners—that the chief point to be aimed at for Frederic's sake was to keep that secret, for which he had already sacrificed so much, from the world at large. It may naturally be imagined that something like a renewal of springtime came to my poor Kitty (since she was so soon to be Frederic's) after the weary wintry time she had endured. But, strange to say, this was not the case. She had shown a natural exultation at the proclamation of his innocence, though she had required no proof of it herself; and also a certain ineffable joy when she first heard the tidings of his return. But now she once more lost her spirits, and became pale and silent as before.

"Why, Kitty," said I, not hesitating to rally her upon a point which a few weeks ago it would have been cruelty to touch upon, "it is a very poor compliment to Fred to wear those melancholy looks; he will expect a smiling welcome and the same bright merry face that you were wont to greet him with."

Then she burst into tears and sobbed out that that was the very thing that made her sad; her brightness and her merriment, she felt, were gone, and her youth and beauty, too. Fred was faithful, doubtless, but the girl who had won his love was no longer in existence, and only this sad substitute for her awaited him; here she pointed piteously to her changed self, with which, it was likely enough, he would be far from satisfied. Of course I told her that since the change, if change there were, had taken place on his account, it should only make her dearer to him; and even added, in my desire to comfort her, that it was to be hoped that Fred himself would not be quite the man he was; but my arguments made as little way with her as reason usually does with women. Indeed, her very trouble was curiously characteristic of the sex; for who, being male, could bear disappointment and almost despair itself for years, like a gentle saint, and then, when the sun shone forth at last, make himself miserable about the loss of a few pounds of flesh and the acquisition of a gray hair or two?

I will do Fred the justice to say that these defects in dear Kitty, if he ever noticed them, made no sort of difference in his devotion to her, which was as great on his return as it had ever been, though perhaps of a graver and more earnest kind. And it was astonishing, when this was made plain to her, how quickly the woman began to grow into the girl, "as though a rose should shut and be a bud again." On their marriage day the bridegroom, indeed, poor fellow, looked many years older than the bride, for the disgrace of his father had sunk deep in him; and even the great kindnesses of the Messrs. Halland had something of bitterness in them, inasmuch as they were reminders of it.

As for me, I had expected a little coldness from my former friend on account of my want of faith in him, but that idea was dissipated at the very first clasp of his hand. "How could you have thought me otherwise than guilty, Frank, when I as good as told you so myself, by releasing Kitty from her engagement?"

"Yet she did not believe it!" said I.

"But then," returned he simply, "she is an angel." When I think of what she suffered, and how long and all alone (since she alone believed in him), and how she went on doing her duty (even to her brother) without heart or hope, I am quite of Fred's opinion. And this it is, I say (when the young couple rally me upon not taking a wife), which makes me so hard to please. It is also partly their fault that I remain a bachelor, for we all live together,

and so happily that I do not desire a change; indeed, I openly accuse them of conspiring to spoil me, and keep me single, that I may be always the bachelor uncle, who shall leave ten thousand pounds apiece to each of their children. As they have four at this present writing, it will be necessary for me to amass a considerable fortune to accomplish this. I seldom talk to Fred (for divers reasons) about the times when we were junior clerks together; but I did ask him once to explain that mystery of the music hall, whence I certainly saw him emerge, though he so confidently asserted he had been at home all night. "Well," he said, "you might have seen me in the crowd about the doors, for I passed by there on my way from Chancery Lane, where I had been to leave a parcel."

"A parcel in Chancery Lane, at midnight! No, my dear Fred, that really will not do."

Then he laughed and blushed, and said, "Well, you needn't tell Kitty about it; but the fact is, when my poor father declined to consent to our marriage, I determined to save all I could, and began to work out of office hours at copying for law stationers—"

"Then those were the 'windfalls'!" interrupted I.

"Yes; when I had earned a pound or two, I could not help giving Kitty a percentage of it."

And that was why he had looked so haggard and weary; not from the stings of conscience, but through sitting up o' nights, driving the quill!

Upon the whole I am inclined to think, quite apart from the prosperity that has at last befallen him, that Frederic Raynor was worth waiting for, and that Patient Kitty (as I always call her) has been well rewarded for her fealty.

[END.]



Puck's Exchanges.

WHY is Wilhelmj like Bob Ingersoll?—Great infiddle.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

EVERY cipher added to poor Tilden's record makes it more noughty.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

PATTI is worth a million. True, 'tis Patti; Patti 'tis, 'tis true. Pity we are not Patti.—*Breakfast Table.*

THE Arkansas belles wear a corset made out of a coffee-sack. Ben Zeen says he never saw such a coarse set.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A BURLINGTON physician calls his dog Cinchona, because his bark is the only valuable thing about him.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Is your daughter at home, Mr. Brusk?"—"Yes, sir, and so is her mother." Callow said he'd "call some other day," but he never did.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"LET me kiss him for his mother," is the unspoken wish of many a fair girl, but how few boys ever want to kiss a girl for her father?—*Breakfast Table.*

SINGULAR, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair-pins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake?—*Pittsburgh Independent.*

"FIFTEEN AND A HALF."

Hair bright as a golden dollar,
Tight coiled, save one wandering tress;
Two white linen cuffs and a collar
Relieving a black moiré dress;
Two eyes, soft and blue as the heavens,
Caught mine and compelled me to stop;
My wits were at sixes and sevens
When passing her shop.

When passing! Ah, had I but passed it!
But I am mere mortal, you see.
The saint who through Lent time has fasted
At Easter regards himself free.
And I, who so long had been blameless,
Felt arrows through all my veins dart,
And a sentiment, hitherto nameless,
Awoke in my heart.

I entered, nerved for the encounter;
My senses came back by degrees,
As she, leaning over the counter,
Said, "What can I do for you, please?"
I gazed round the store's narrow radius—
Imagine my case if you can—
'Twas obviously meant but for ladies,
And I was a man.

I know more of Sanscrit or Latin
Than naming of feminine gear.
"Two yards and a half, please, of satin."
"We only keep underwear here."
Only underwear! That word suggested
One name that I didn't forget;
Most diffidently I requested
A frilled chemisette.

"What size?" The remark, you'll acknowledge,
Can not be regarded as fair;
I never had studied at college
What size the dear creatures do wear.
I thought that the best way was lightly
To turn the thing off with a laugh;
I answered, as gravely as might be,
"Fifteen and a half."

Fifteen and a half! She looked puzzled.
"Fifteen and a half what, sir, pray?"
My eloquence fairly was muzzled,
Because I had nothing to say.
"One moment—I'll show you a sample;"
She pulled a box down from the shelf.
"Don't mind," I said; "that size is ample
That you wear yourself."

Then she colored up quick, like a blush rose;
Said, "Sir, you insult me," and more;
While I, like a fool, with a rush rose
And made my best time for the door.
Her face, as I looked back, was changing—
Still angry, yet ready to laugh:
Now, what in the world is so strange in
Fifteen and a half?

G. H. Jessop, in *San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE Spotted Tail Indians having left their reservation, the Government should set the army to knocking spots out of their tails.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

WHEN a poet wrote, "No sleep till morn when youth and bootee meet," he probably alluded to the miss who wears her shoes too small.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

"WHAT is Jay Gould doing?" the Oil City Derrick asks. Easy enough to answer—settin' 'em up for the boys, and trying to be Mayor of New York.—*Fulton Times.*

A LITTLE Hackensack boy, who was looking up at the stars the other evening, exclaimed, "Oh! mamma, mamma, who's a pinchin' them stars?"—*Hackensack Republican.*

AN ale guzzler doesn't stop to consider that every time he drinks he is adding an ale to his coffin.—*Boston Post.* A result, no doubt, owing to the tacks on spirits.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

"Is Philadelphia a city?" asks PUCK. No, a mere village, five times as large as New York, with twice as many homes, and with but half the cheek and bluster.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.*

THE Vienna theatres issue no checks to enable parties to go out between the acts, and so the boys have to carry their cloves and lemon-peel in their vest pockets.—*Breakfast Table.*

THE item being circulated throughout the country that Christine Nilsson lost eight thousand pounds in two months, is believed to be an ingenious advertisement of the anti-fat man.—*altimore Every Saturday.*

AFTER presenting our bill for last year's subscription to one of our citizens, seven times, he remarked, "Why don't you go for these slippery fellows first? I'm good enough."—*Reynoldsville Herald.*

"'Tis sweet to be re-membered," but those who have been through the process think the fastening on of the new one rather goes ahead of the sawing off of the old one for solid enjoyment.—*Fulton Times.*

MRS. VAN COTT recently declared at a Sea Cliff, New York, prayer-meeting that she had "sold out, completely," to the Lord. For the purpose of shutting out your principal creditor, Mrs. Van Cott?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE champion thin man lives in South Wheeling. He is fond of music, and sometimes makes an Æolian harp out of himself by crawling between the two cracks of an upper and lower window-sash.—*Wheeling Leader.*

CHICAGO has a girl that barks like a dog, and Racine, Wis., has a ditto that mews like a cat. And if we hadn't sworn off lying when we were four years old, Norristown should have a girl that neighs like a horse.—*Norristown Herald.*

UNLESS "Carmen," the new opera, introduces the driver as swearing at his horses, and the conductor as trying to get six cents fare out of a drunken passenger, thousands will believe it to be a fraud.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE has resigned the position he has held in the custom house for seventeen years. As it was a place with no work and a full salary, Richard is at a loss to express his feelings grammatically.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WILHELMJ is a first-class fiddler, but he doesn't know how to spell. If he hadn't wasted so much time sawing on a violin in his young days, he would have learned that Wilhelmj doesn't spell Wilhelmy, as he pronounces it.—*Norristown Herald.*

IN former times the man ate the cream (if the cat didn't anticipate him), but now they cremate the man.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

To cure a cough—First catch your cough, then salt it and smoke it and hang it up to dry.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

WHEN the belated Christian, with a face like a stubble field, rushed wildly through the streets last Sunday morning, only to find all the barber-shops closed, it was then that he exclaimed, "What shall I do to be shaved?"—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

THE Washington Post knows Maud Granger, and knows that she used to be a type-setter. As a type-setter Maud might have been a success, but it strikes us she don't understand padding well enough to make a good night editor.—*Boston Post.*

WINTER.

'Tis now upon the windy slope,
The russet leaves repose;
Now languid fades the heliotrope,
The daisy, and the rose,
And the gauze undershirt.—PUCK.

And now the season's elements
From polar parts take passage,
And once again the griddle makes
Acquaintance with the "sassage,"
And eke with the flap-jack.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Where erst we heard the insects' hum,
Now plaintive pipes the quail;
From leafless hills chill breezes come
With wintry moan and wail;
So does the tramp.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

IT was on the eve of the battle of Leuctra, and Pelopidas, who had made a hard march, was looking dismally at one of his sandals, which needed half-soling very badly.

"It puts me in mind," he said, lifting up the flapping edges, "of Bunions Soley Wore. I can't walk till I get it fixed either."

Epaminados shook his head reproachfully at his friend, whom he had noticed was becoming addicted to that sort of thing.

"You remind me," he said presently, after a silent interval, in which he had been thinking about the national debt, and wondering who was going to pay it, "you remind me of an old wooden pump."

"And wherefore?" asked Pelopidas.

"Because," said Epaminondas, "it won't work without its sandal."

Pelopidas was amazed, as well he might be, for Epaminondas, you know, was a good young man; Nepos says he was *modestus, continens, prudens, gravis*, "teacher of a young lady's Bible class;" *peritus belli*, "careful of his money;" *fortis manu*, "afraid of women;" *animo maximo*, "a red ribbon man." *Adeo ventatis diligens*, "and was expelled from the paragraphers' association;" *ut ne joco*, "because he wouldn't even lie a little;" *quidem mentiretur*, "for the sake of a joke." So Pelopidas only stared.

"Is its sandal," he asked, after a while, "so essential then, to its succor?"

Epaminondas looked scornfully and pityingly at his friend.

"You talk," he said, "like a contributor to an English funny paper. Let this be the last of such conversations between us."

"That sounds like *Punch*," said Pelopidas. "You are getting the upper hand of me." And he laid a warning accent on the "upper," like a guide-post on the cross-roads.

"Then," said Epaminondas, "if that is awl you have to say, allow me to waxed end to you the hand of friendship."

"Agreed," said the friend, "and this will heel the breeches of controversy."

Epaminondas *constat utriusque*, was about to get in; *nec acruis potuisse*, "something about 'pegged out;'" *sed omnes ante se memorie*, "when it occurred to both of them;" *fuisse urbi atque imperio*, "that they were getting their jokes;" *si quando opificum*, "about eighteen or twenty centuries;" *qui sua tueri non poterat*, "ahead of their times."—*Hawkeye.*

A LUMBER puller in this city boasts that his grandfather was the son of an English nobleman, and was a clergyman of the church of England. And yet that man can wade into the river and swear a blister on a pine knot when he can't find his bucket, as easily as though all his ancestors had been bred in the regular army.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PROFESSOR (explaining to the class in astronomy the peculiarities of the siderial system): "The stars are so far removed from us—the distance is so immense—that what we really see is only the light they send—but not the surface of the worlds themselves. Now, then, is it proper to say that a person sees stars?"

SAGACIOUS STUDENT (who is catcher of the college nine—meditatively caressing a lump the size of a hen's egg on the side of his head): "Yes, sir."

(Unbounded appreciation of the class, who took part in the same game.)—*Rockl. Courier.*

THE Adventists declare that hereafter they will observe Saturday as the Sabbath. Ah, dear; that will make two hard-working, lively days in the week instead of one. This thing is getting to be very hard on our young men.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"WHY," asks an eminent professor of linguistic science, "do not the lower animals speak?" We never gave the subject very close thought, but we suppose it is to avoid being called on to make addresses of welcome and after-dinner speeches.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ONE Professor Sevciegerons, of London, is claimed to be the most accomplished linguist in the world, speaking forty-six languages, and acquainted with every character used by any people to express sound. We would like to see him spell out what a man says when he sneezes.—*Breakfast Table.*

IN the sweet, balmy, delicious happiness of love's first young dream, a youth will not only insist on cracking walnuts for his girl, but on picking out the goodies as well. Two years after marriage he will not even let her have the nut-cracker until he is through. Girls, get married.—*Breakfast Table.*

IN all of Wendell Phillips's talk about the "lost arts," he has never a word to say about the art of filling, lighting, and carrying a kerosene lamp without getting enough oil on one's fingers to taste for a week. This art is unknown to-day, and the question is, could the people who lived before the flood do it?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

DR. PETERMAN, the noted geographer, committed suicide to escape the malevolence and persecution of his first wife, from whom he was divorced last year. It is only the man who kills himself the day before he is to be married, who appears to be entirely safe.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"YES," the Indian Commissioner said, in a low tone of regret, "yes, I believe it is true that the Cheyenne Indians were compelled to leave their reservation because they were being starved to death; but then, you see, if the Indians had a good common school education, and could sing Moody and Sankey's revival ballads, they wouldn't care so much about something to eat. It would elevate and refine their—but I think I heard the dinner bell; will you go down?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE patent almanacs, mortised for the publisher's name, have begun raining down upon us for 1879. The designs are all new and very different from those of last year, the picture of the boy skating in his bare feet, with one little brother on his back and six more on the sled, being put on the January, instead of the December page, then the picture of Christmas eve comes along about the end of December, instead of the middle of August, as was the case last year. In fact the almanac is entirely rearranged, the trunks have been moved back and the hats put out by the door, and the ceiling painted, so it looks just as good as new.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WE have known many a man to set around waiting for something to turn up, until that something was his toes.—*Whitehall Times.*

"OLD Grimes is dead." What else could he expect? He didn't take our Liver Regulator," writes a patent-medicine firm.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"LINES to Fall" was the very appropriate title of a poem sent to this office. The writer appeared to realize that they were to fall into the waste-basket.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

COL. INGERSOLL says Milton was not a poet. If the Colonel were to read our effusions, each line of which begins with a capital letter, the probabilities are that he would say that we are not a poet, either. But we are satisfied to be placed alongside of Milton. If Milton can stand it, we can.—*Norr. Herald.*

ONE of these "Before Taking" and "After Taking" patent medicine advertisements shows a straight-haired, hollow-cheeked man of fifty-five years transformed into a plump-cheeked, curly-headed youth of sixteen. Very few medicines will effect such a marvelous change; but the most surprising thing about the medicine is the fact that it didn't cause a two-hundred dollar diamond pin to sprout on the rejuvenated individual's shirt-front.—*Norris-town Herald.*

WHY don't some of the paragraph brigade make a pun on Ameer? Why don't they say, for instance: When the great King of Afghanistan was about to be shot, he faced the platoon of soldiers, laid his hand calmly on his heart, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Ameer!" Or they might say: When the Empress called the roll, the King answered, "I Ameer!" Or they might say: How the King makes any resistance when he hasn't 'Af-ghun-batteries enough, is Ameericle! Or they might say—anything!—oh, anything!—except this oppressive and suffocating silence about Ameer.—*Graphic.*

THEY had been engaged about fifteen minutes and she nestled her head a little closer under the shadow of his monumental shirt-collar, and whispered, "And now what are you going to call me, Algernon?" "Birdie!" he whispered, rapturously, while his voice trembled with tender emotion, "always and ever, nothing but Birdie!" And she fairly cooed with delight. He kept his word, although, with the growing precision of middle age, he has become specific and does not deal in sweeping generalities any more, and so it was that day before yesterday a neighbor, going in the back way to borrow the ax, a cup of sugar, and the cistern pole, heard him call her an old "sage hen."—*Hawkeye.*

Now that Mr. Kearney has retired from the stump, we believe newspapers will lay aside their prejudices and speak of him as his merits deserve. For one, the *Derrick* wishes to call attention to the fact that the great sand-lot orator is a poet of high degree. Take his public speeches, and by printing them in poetic form, we have the most perfect specimens of blank verse, the purest type of poetry. For example:

"The ——— rat-eating leprous Chinaman,
Who come to this country and steal
The labor of honest, God-fearing workmen—
I am down on them ——— them,
Like a thousand of brick, as I am
On the ——— lecherous ——— of thieving
Bondholders! Down with them! Hang them!
Kill them! Kill every ——— mother's son
Of them ——— ! ——— !
Clean out the ——— monopoly-serving
Press and chuck its hell-hounds
Into ——— and be ——— everlastingly
——— ! ——— !"

We challenge, Longfellow, Tennyson, Sidney Lanier, or any other man, to write blanker verse than this.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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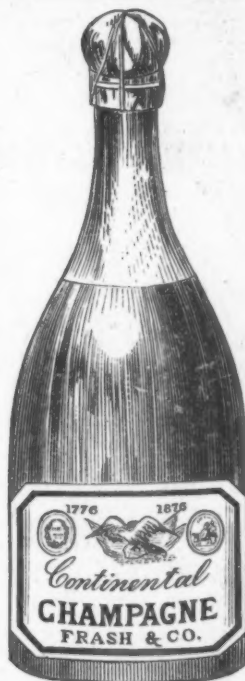
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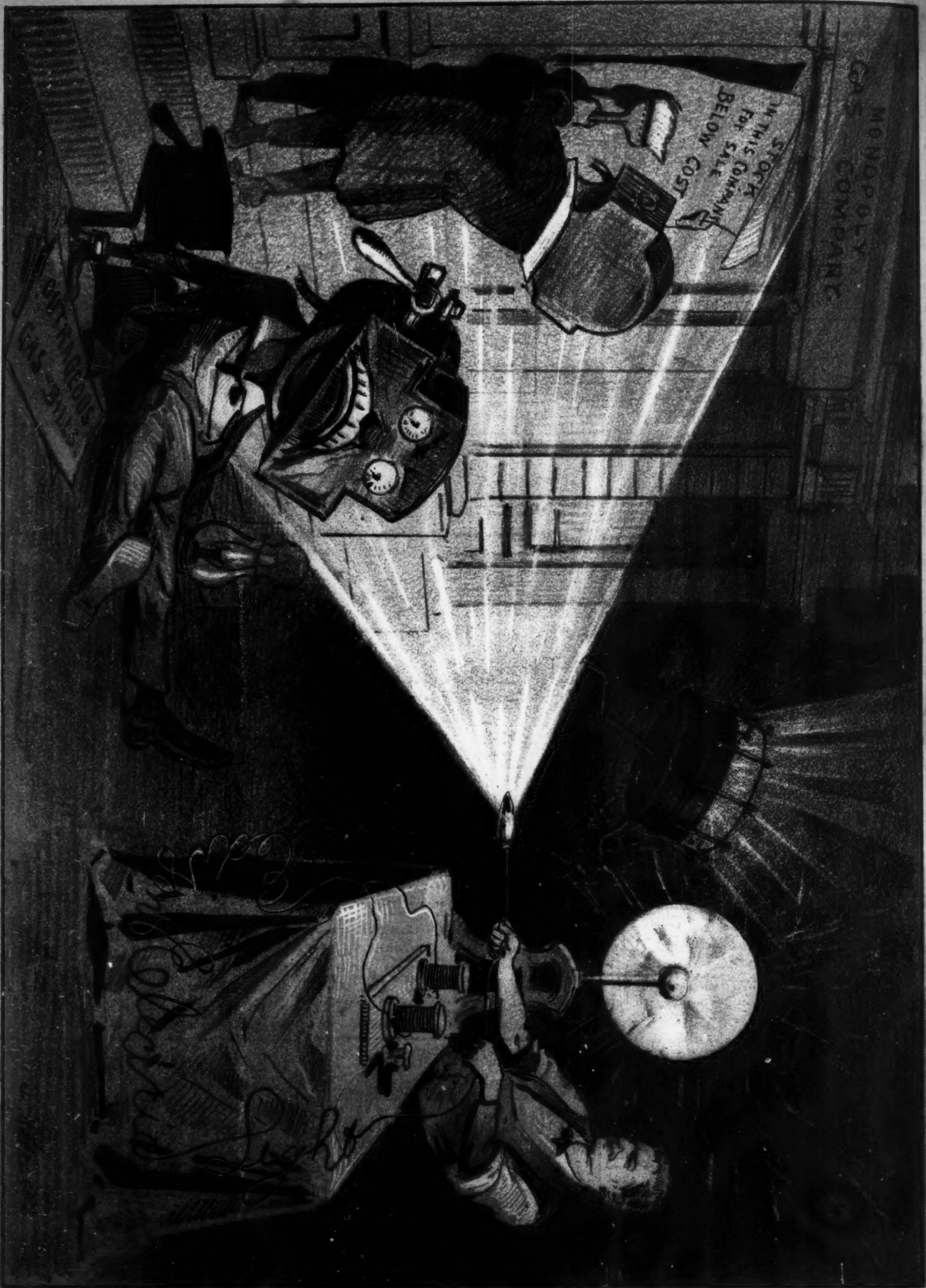
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